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A

SATYR

ON THE

TIMES,

And some of the

Modern *PLAYS.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

SATYR

ON THE

TIMES:

And some of the

Modern *PLAYS*,

viz.

BEGGARS OPERA,
TIMOLEON,
HUMOURS of OXFORD,
CHESHIRE COMICKS, &c.

By JOHN LOYD, *M. A.* Minister of *Gilden Sutton* in *Cheshire*, and Author of *The Art of Politicks*, *&c.* A Poem in Imitation of HORACE's Art of Poetry.

——*Facit Indignatio Versum.*

JUV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A SATYR ON THE TIMES; &c.

TO win your Hearts, and gain inglorious Praiſe,
Lo, vicious Parts ſet forth in various Ways!
No Charms are wanting to enchant the Town,
And make their pleaſing Poiſon, with a *Gout, go down.*
Here gay Device adorns the ſhifting Scene,
For mimick Monarchs, and a Sov'reign Queen:
There Muſick melts you with a ſoft Controul,
Enough to raiſe the Dead, and almoſt make a Soul;

Whilſt

Whilſt Beauty, ſweet Perdition, Love inſpires,
And *Beaux* and *Belles*, without a Figure *Fires*;
Thro' too much Kindneſs amorouſly kills,
So what began in Pleaſure, ends in Pills:
Thus the *Tarantula*, or Fables Lie,
In Ruine ſports, and makes us laughing die
But caſt your Eyes a while upon the Throng,
Promiſcuous, as you ſee them in my Song;
Not *Noah's Ark*, renown'd in Times of Yore
Of Beaſts unclean, had half ſo large a Store,
As *Drury* in her Playhouſe does produce,
The Nurſe of Vice, and Pander for the Stews.

Here *Pruda* flants it in a rich Brocade,
For which Mamma, or Maidenhead have paid;
The Saint, without who's in Perfection ſeen,
Ah! were the Saint without, a Saint within!
She heaves her Eyes to Heaven ſo perciſe,
And won't ſhe heave——in other Exerciſe?
Devils Pretences always were Divine;
A Who——re may have an Angel for her Sign——
The Toad it ſelf a ſpecious Skin adorns,
And bluſhing Roſes we behold in Thorns.

Dapper, in ſmall Punctilio's ſtrangly wiſe,
Sits next to ſhow the *Vanity of Vanities*;

Extreamly

Extreamly read in Ornaments and Oaths,
Graceful his Curſes, graceful are his Cloaths:
None congees in a Manner more profound,
Miſs and her Monkey has him to the Ground:
None flirts the Needle with more dext'rous Art,
Ah! with a *Pin* cou'd he perform his Part!
He marſhals Patchwork in due Form and Place,
Or frames a Huſ-wife with a handſome Grace;
Can trim the Toilet and direct the Tea,
Or lace my Lady, when her Maid's away.
This finiſh'd Fop, o're *Chloe*'s Cloſet ſtray'd,
Fiddling about the Thingums of the Maid;
And there, by chance, amongſt the reſt, in haſte
Popt on a Box full of aſtringent Paſte;
Touch'd with his Tongue (Pomatum it appear'd)
And with a Ladies Hand his Lips beſmear'd:
But ſee the ſudden Fate of Things below,
Which we can't fence, becauſe we can't foreknow!

Dapper is ſtruck, as by Enchantment, dumb,
And cannot ſpeak one ſingle Word but *Mum*:
Till ſmiling *Chloe* came with Water warm,
And ſo the Charmer ſoon undid the Charm:
Thus have I ſeen a Monkey, full of Sport,
To haſty Pudding haſtily reſort;

The burning Compound ſticks upon his Face,
He grins with Rage, but ſtill it keeps its Place;
Untill the Animal by Inſtinct led
Into ſome cooling Ciſtern ducks his Head.

But yet the Cream of all our Joke's behind,
The Name and Nature of this Paſte to find;
From *Italy* it came——and as is ſaid,
They call a rare Receipt to make a Maid;
And Maids are now adays ſo very rare,
That ſuch Receipts in ſooth are uſeful Ware!
But how ſhould ſimple Paſte new vamp a Maid?
Or cou'd it——kep her ſo——unleſs ſhe's ſpay'd?
'Twill ſodder crackt Commodities——or ſo
That's all, it ſeems, this Paſte pretends to do——
An old *Commode*——we *Britons* call a Bawd,
Deep read in all the Sleights of Female Fraud,
To Corner *Chloe*, for Reward convey'd,
Made for another *Mouth* than that in *Dapper*'s Head.

Sagilla wither'd, and grew white with Years,
Enormous in her gaudy Garb appears;
No Tooth but one——the Colts——is left behind,
Yet ſhe is monſtrous fine, and fondly kind!
Luſt in her loathſome Carcaſe hideous ſhews,
But Heat we ſee in dying Embers glows,

Her

Her Purſe, 'tis granted, has ten thouſand Charms,
And Gold gives Raptures in a Gipſie's Arms;
'Twill make the Old ſeem young, the Filthy fair,
The Fool a Wit—make but that Fool an Heir:
So Jewels render rich *Sagilla* bright,
As Stars ſet off the Horrors of the Night,
Transfuſe freſh Vigour thro' her rotten Bones,
And purchaſe what ſhe pants for—other precious Stones.

Puft up with Pride, and eaten up with Spleen,
Cornelia braves it like ſome Fairy Queen;
A crooked Rib—what can the Husband do?
Pervere ſhe is, tho' bent unto his Bow:
A Comedy herſelf—why needs ſhe pay?
No Player e're cou'd ſhow ſo fine a Play—
Sure Providence in Paſtime made her Frame,
What Wonder then, if we make Paſtime of the ſame?
But hold, who's here, which ſqueaks like any Ghoſt?
Miſs Flirt, forſooth! why truly ſhe's a Toaſt—
Miſtake me not, a Miſs I mean indeed
For you, or you, or any one in need.
O how ſhe ſings! and then how ſhe will dance!
A neater *Foible* never came from France—
Tip but the Wink, ſhe jiggs into your Laps;
O clap her, Sirs, the Lady's us'd to Claps—

What

What tho' my Lord a gen'rous Cully prove,
Yet who can watch the Wind or limit Love!
One Man's too little, as all Men agree,
For one who decks it *alamode de Paris*:
One Thouſand hardly would ſuffice her Will
That doats on Gaming, and delights in dear *Quadrill*.

Theſe are the Medly which frequent the Play,
Sin all the Night, and ſlumber all the Day!
Curſe of their Country, and quite void of Shame,
They ſtain the Honours of our Britiſh Name;
In dirty Scencs of Lewdneſs drain that Blood,
Which might have done a falling Nation good!
From Age to Age the Hero's Glory ſpread,
If ſpill'd in Fields of War, and make him live when he is dead.

Since ſuch as theſe are ſuch an odious Sight,
What ſhall we ſay alas! to ſuch as write?
Who proſtitute the little Wit they own,
To varniſh Vice, and put all Virtue down!
Divine the Droll, and half immortal reigns,
When Lives obſcene make fat his fulſome Strains.
Such Stuff without one Grain of Senſe will paſs;
No matter for the Brains—if there be Braſs:

The

The *Beggars Opera*, ſo long our Boaſt,
A World of Wickedneſs the Author coſt:
For unto Wit it never can lay claim,
Since that is want of Senſe, that's want of Shame.
Macheath, the raving Hector of his Play,
Too well informs us that the Poet's *Gay*,
Whoſe Characters throughout are all ſo looſe,
That ſure a Miſs inſpir'd him, not a Muſe.
How fond the Town to give ſuch Trifles Praiſe,
Which rightly cenſur'd, rather merit Birch, than Bays

Timoleon ſtrains our Liberty ſo wide,
He hardly ſuffers GOD to be a Guide:
'Tis out of Life the whole romantick Scheme,
Like the wild Tranſports of a drunken Dream.
His Diction's mean, his Meanings too obſcure,
And the beſt Character in all his Play's a Whore:
For had *Cleone* prov'd as chaſte as ſhe was young,
The Wanton never wou'd lay down to hear a luſcious Song.

The *Oxford Humours!* inſolently dull!
Leave *Mill*——*d*'s Purſe, as empty as his Skull:
What Bird is this transform'd into a Beaſt,
Which thus endavours to defile his Neſt?

Fine

Fine Humour I have found in *Oxford* Town,
But in the *Oxford Humours* I find none——
Oxford! to which our learned Joys we owe,
And dear Delights the Vulgar never know?
Where all the Muſes and the Graces meet
In Groves ſo charming, and in Seats ſo ſweet!
Ah! ſilly Youth, and childiſh as thy Years!
Oxford no Praiſes wants, no *Paſquin's* fears:
Fool in the Play, you may your ſelf expoſe,
For none but Fools are witty *Oxford's* Foes;
Above thy Malice with a mild Diſdain,
She reads in Paſtime what you write in Pain.

Johnſon, who long has jigg'd about for Bread,
His Heel now failing, ſets up for a Head——
Whilſt monſtrous *Hurlo-Thrumbo* fills our Ears,
Which without either Head or Tail appears!
Such Jargon!——and yet ſuch as pleas'd the Town——
Were *Ben* alive!—how wou'd *Ben Johnſon* frown!
That one who bears his own numerick Name,
Should riſe by Farce, and glory in his Shame?
Yet fooliſh Farce has made the Author ſleek,
And fatter far than you cou'd grow by *Greek*.
So wonderful the Works——but let that paſs,
Of choice black Pudding with Anchovie Sauce:

Cheſhire

Cheſhire may now well boaſt the Chief of Men,
Since *Johnſon* wrote —— O pleaſant *Johnſon* write again;
And is this all, you all go out to ſee,
In ſooth, a pretty Tragi-Comedy!
It makes fine Sport —— it makes me laugh aloud,
To find what gaping Gulls in *Drury* crowd ——
Bleſs'd Times! when Piety to *Pimps* gives way,
And Blaſphemy it ſelf becomes our *Play*!
Religion in theſe Days muſt well ſucceed,
Whilſt *Wilks* our Lives, and *Woolſton*, mends our Creed.
The *Britiſh* Youth ſo tutor'd by Romance,
Againſt their Foes will terribly advance,
To Foreign Powers with mighty Proweſs come,
And dare all Lords Abroad, who dread no GOD at Home

France firſt her P—x, and next her Players ſent,
Beſtowing both with the ſame bad Intent:
One ſmites the Body, 'tother ſpoils the Mind,
And both prove bitter Banes to Human Kind;
For Soul and Body they a like are evil,
Unto the Doctor This, Theſe pack you to the Devil.

But ſee! *Criſpinus* treads the Stage again,
With *Cheſhire Comicks* in no Comick Vein;

Poor

Poor * *Zachary*, ſo fam'd for *Beef* and *Pudding*,
Will thence draw Strength to give the *Drole* a Drubbing
And make him dance, and Skip, and caper faſter,
Than when he was profeſs'd a *Dancing-Maſter*.
Cheſhire, thou Glory of our *Engliſh* Iſle!
Where bount'ous Nature ſtill is known to ſmile;
Whoſe *Men* are *Chief* in Beauty and in Blood,
But none of them ſo great as they are good:
Muſt thou, muſt thou, beome at length our Game,
And bear the Laſh from ſuch a *Fop* as *Flame!*

In ‡ *Wilbraham* all whole *Apollo* reigns,
Tho' his vaſt Modeſty outdoes his Brains;
Who will not wear, yet well deſerves the Bays,
Patient of every other Pain but Praiſe.

In *Lowe* the *Courtier* and the *Chriſtian* ſhine,
Divinely read, and almoſt all *Divine*;
But erring Man with Faults will ſtill appear,
For to the wicked † *Read*, ‡ *Lowe* lends an Ear;

Falſe

† *Zachary Empſon*, a drunken little Fellow better than a 100 *l.* a Year, is *Johnſon*'s Clown in his *Cheſhire-Comicks*.

* *Wilbraham*, of *Nantwich*.

† *Read*, an Attorney in *Nantwich*.

‡ *Lowe*, a Counceller, I take his Character to be Irony.

False to his own fine Sense, and better Law
Justice is blinded by a chatt'ring *Daw*:
Yet *Johnson*, what is this that Fools must write,
And 'spight of all their Stars, shew all their Spight:

Johnson his true and individual Name,
But here the Fool affects the Stile of *Flame*;
O what a wicked Thing is spung'd *Champain*,
When once it creeps into a Coxcomb's Brain!
Just such a wicked Thing as want of Skirts,
Which join'd with want of Sense, our Bard perverts;
Reduc'd to Rags, and in a wretched plight,
Uncertain whether he shou'd *Rob* or *Write*;
To save his Neck, he chose to draw his Quill,
And mount *Parnassus*, not sad *Holborn Hill*:
The *Cheshire Comicks* must be dully play'd,
For which in *Cheshire* he'll be dully pay'd.

FINIS.